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Resurrection.

VINCENT ENGELS, '23.

BROWN bow the broken reeds by the barren lake;
Silver-crisp the water is, turning from the sun—
White-haired the gardeners, and silently they rake,
A-gathering the dead leaves, that flutter one by one.

Shudderingly, Summer is bent beneath her master,
Crook'd beneath the hoary hand of him whose all is white:
Loose-heeled the gossip winds slip to whine disaster—
Sobbing to the pine cones through the awful night.

Love, when our winter comes, drawing from the present,
Stripping from our Youthtime all the fancy it has borne,
Say, whisper,—Love, shall that future not be pleasant,
Drear though the Age seem now, it shall not be forlorn.

See, Love, the white flakes drifting in the valley,
Piling white mounds where arbutus used to creep;
List to the buried blooms; "Spring will lead the rally—
We shall burst triumphant from the long, long, sleep."

Cooperative Ownership.

VINCENT A. NAGEL, '22.

THE antagonism between capital and labor is now the outstanding question facing the world for solution. The industrial situation is becoming every day more and more critical. The laborer today is not only dissatisfied with the unequal distribution of wealth but he is rebelling against his present status in society. He is no longer willing to remain a mere cog in a great industrial machine. Wages and hours of work are by no means the fundamental causes of the prevailing discontent. The wage-earner is fighting for a position in life which will insure him the respect and consideration to which every man has a natural right. It is his legitimate ambition to feel and enjoy a sense of ownership, and he will never rest until he shares more directly in the fruits of his labor. Now, either his just demands must be met or this country will ultimately face a social revolution. Both Bolshevism and Socialism propose to solve the problem, with the

hideous red flag as an emblem, and under the disgusting standards of common ownership and free love they seem to be leading their hosts to victory.

Opposed to destructive Bolshevism and to State Socialism with its tyranny is the new plan of cooperative ownership advanced by Mr. G. W. Perkins, in company with many other of America's most progressive economists and able financiers. Bear in mind that this plan has not been conceived by a group of mere visionary academics drifting through space on Utopian clouds but by practical men, men of learning and broad experience. It is not, therefore, merely the result of a beautiful dream; it is the fruit of wise and serious thought based on sound moral and economic principles. Those who support it recognize with the National Catholic War Council that "the only safeguard of peace is social justice and a contented people." They realize that the blood and sinew of labor plays just as important a part in turning the wheels of industry as does the almighty dollar of the capitalist. Because of this and because they believe that the "full possibilities of increased production will not be reached so long as the majority of workers remain mere wage-earners," they hold that the majority must be enabled to become gradually part owners of the instruments of production.

It is true that cooperative ownership and profit-sharing have been tried in the past and have failed. But their failure has been due largely to the indifference and even distrust with which they were regarded both by the public and by the laborer. Until late years the merit and competency of the wage-system have never been seriously questioned. Moreover, the advantages and possibilities of cooperative ownership have never before been fully or skillfully exploited. Organized labor has looked with distrust upon the plan for the simple reason that, with but few exceptions, those employers who inaugurated it in their factories did so with

the avowed purpose of keeping down wages. This is especially true of profit-sharing as practiced under the popular bonus system. Mr. Perkins, who has been in big business as well as in high finance and who has spent thirty years of his life in trying "to find something like a satisfactory and permanent method of arriving at the workers' fair share," believes that the various kinds of bonus schemes have done more harm than good. The employees, as he says, feel, when bonuses are doled out that the business is earning fabulous sums of money, a tiny little of which is thrown to them as a sop to make them feel kindly disposed toward the owners or in order to ward off a demand for a general increase in wages. Thus their bitterness is only aggravated.

Cooperative ownership, however, as now conceived embodies none of those obnoxious features which have rendered former plans so objectionable and futile. Its purpose is to change entirely the relationship between capital and labor. The worker is made to realise that he is a full-fledged partner, and he is given a maximum sense of security for his position and for a fair and square deal in the division of the profits.

The principles that underlie the plan are these: Every business must earn its fixed expenses and depreciation, and this includes a living-wage for its employees; when labor has received its remuneration or living wage capital should receive its compensation; the rate of return, however, on invested capital should not be settled in an arbitrary manner but should be fixed so as "to meet existing conditions and should be subject to the approval of the workers properly represented;" the profits over and above the compensation that goes to the employer and workers should be divided equally between the capital used in the business and the labor engaged in producing the profits; in order to insure the financial strength and stability of the company the net profits should not be cashed and withdrawn at the end of each year, but one half of the profits credited to labor should be converted into some form of security representing an interest in the firm, each man's share to be proportioned to his wages.

Having seen the principles, let us study them under actual working conditions. A typical example of the success of the plan is that of the Louisville Varnish Company, in which the plan has been in effect for seven years. Colonel P. H. Callahan, president of the firm, says that

this system "so improves quality and increases production, that the owners are better remunerated than when working under the old straight-wage system," while the share of profits accruing to the workers has ranged from thirty-eight to fifty-eight per cent of their annual wages. Every man understands from the first that a certain per cent of what he might make or save for the company will be his; he knows also that part of what he might lose for the company would be his own direct loss. This has naturally resulted in greater efficiency for the individual employee and for the organization as a whole. The men take a live and personal interest in the business and there is a common desire and a combined effort to eliminate waste and to cut down overhead expenses. Mr. Callahan declares further that the plan has developed for them a fine spirit of loyalty. They no longer experience any difficulty in getting their men to work overtime whenever necessary, and all "take the same interest in the physical upkeep and maintenance of the plant as they do in their own home and household." Surely this is ideal harmony and cooperation, where otherwise there would most likely be antagonism and discord.

That some such plan as this is now generally and sorely needed, no one who knows anything of our industry will deny. Just recently the world was startled when the workers of Italy took over by force six hundred of the largest factories of that country, fortified them with elaborate barricades and barbed wire, mounted guards at their entrances, and over the towers hoisted the glaring ensigns of Bolshevism. The workers controlled these factories for a month, when a compromise was made and many of the demands of the strikers were satisfied. The officials of the Fiat Automobile works at Turin have decided that it will be to the advantage of all concerned if the employees are given a permanent share in the management of the business. Consequently they have planned a "cooperative company" and the workers are to be made part owners of it.

Is it possible that the need for social and economic readjustment is more imperative in Italy than in America? Never before has a nation had fairer opportunities to gain commercial supremacy than has the United States today. The whole world is crying to us for provisions and supplies. The victory is ours if we can only increase our production. But how

can we increase our production if we are divided among ourselves, if capital and labor wage an incessant warfare? The time has come for them to clasp hands, to forget past grievances, and to work in harmony to their common purposes. What is better calculated to bring this about than a system of cooperative ownership which places the employer and the laborer on an equal footing as partners in the same business—a system which in the words of Colonel Callahan, is nothing less than a compromise between the autocracy of capital on the one hand and the radicalism of labor on the other.

The true value of the plan lies not in the fact that it is delightful in theory but in the fact that it has proved itself a success in actual operation. It is at present solving the labor problem not only for the Louisville Varnish Company but for many other of our great corporations. And since it is sound in principle and successful in practice, may we not reasonably believe that it would, if it were given a fair trial, do much to mitigate or even eradicate our industrial evils? It has been called an "industrial democracy—that makes real partners of capital and labor and yet preserves the right of private property; a democracy that protects the capitalist's incentive to enterprise, while it gives the worker a new inspiration for effort, a democracy that humanizes great organizations of men and promotes good will and fellowship among them." When such a democracy will have been firmly established, peace will, at last, have dawned glorious and resplendent upon the horizon of the industrial world.

Sandy's Fourth Down.

ARTHUR C. SHEA, '22.

It was Sandy's last year of collegiate football, as well as his greatest. Greatest is said advisedly, because Sandy Gardner had other great years to his credit. In his sophomore year, his first on the varsity, he had given ample proof of this by tearing through the "stone-wall" defense of the Army for gain after gain. The "wizard half-back" they had called him and had printed his name and picture in all the papers of the land, where, for the next two years they remained as if permanent fixtures.

The team that Notre Dame put on the field the year that Sandy was to graduate was heralded as the peer of any of the great teams of

former days, and it proved the correctness of this assertion by sweeping through its schedule without a defeat. And that is why it was Sandy's greatest year. The offense of the team was built around his line-plunges, his fierce and irresistible drives off tackle, his uncanny power in executing forward passes, and his all-around ability in outwitting the opposing team and in gaining ground. It was even said that in a tight place the ball was given to Sandy to do as he pleased with it. So, in his senior year, after he had further distinguished himself by making repeatedly a long run through the entire opposing team, football critics and sport writers proclaimed him the greatest back in the country and a logical candidate for a position on the mythical "All-American," the coveted goal of every football player.

All this, however, did not affect Sandy unduly. Of course he liked it, just as any other player does, but he kept on as in former years, working hard on his Mechanics, neglecting Ethics when necessary, and often sleeping through morning prayer. At this time every remaining team on the schedule adopted the slogan "Get Gardner," and proceeded to put it into effect. Coaches and players from the State university attended several games in a body in an effort to devise some defense against the "miracle man." So, in the Horell game Sandy found it a little more difficult to make his plunges and line smashes net the usual ten or fifteen yards, and it seemed impossible to complete a pass. He was, in fact, virtually smothered, Horell's whole primary defense being constantly directed against him. Play after play was attempted,—plays which had been successful against better teams, but in every attempt Sandy had three men on him before he could get started. It was hard to understand. Overtraining and staleness, the bugbears of a winning team, seemed to have joined Notre Dame. Time and again the heavy Horell line broke the Gold and Blue defense and Sandy was thrown for a loss. Throughout the game, which was finally won by a ridiculously small margin, he was never allowed to show his true form. Suffering from an injured shoulder and disgusted at his failure, he left the field. They had 'got' him at last. The next day the newspapers hinted at Sandy's downfall and were of the opinion that his performance against Horell did "not show the stuff All-American football players are made of."

Then came the big day, the final and most important battle of the season, the annual game with State. With the strongest team in years, with a firm determination to win, and with a defense "guaranteed" to stop Sandy, the old enemy came to Cartier Field to "show up" the Gold and Blue. Before an immense crowd the game started and at once developed into a gruelling struggle. Both elevens were far above the average, and both had been coached up to the minute in all the tactics of the modern game. And Notre Dame had Sandy, while State, literally, had Sandy's number. At every point he met a scientifically planned defense for his terrific and lightning attacks. Every attempt around the ends seemed to be anticipated and nearly every pass failed or was intercepted. In fact, it was the repetition of the Horell game, greatly intensified. In the second quarter Sandy succeeded in getting away for a spectacular gain of twenty-five yards which set the stands in an uproar, wildly imploring him to "take it over."

The half ended, however, with neither team having been near a score. Scarcely had the third period started before a break came and the dreaded happened. Scooping up a weak punt, the fleet quarterback dashed down the sidelines for a touchdown. After the goal was kicked Sandy seemed to be his old self again and with a fierce determination went through for substantial gains, often dragging the opposing team along with him, until the ball lay on State's thirty-yard line. Then by a risky, yet effective, trick-play Notre Dame scored a touchdown just as the quarter ended. The excitement was most intense—seven to seven, in the final fifteen minutes, with the far-famed Sandy held powerless! Sandy himself realized that his chances for "making the All-American" were swiftly slipping away, unless he could redeem himself in the next few minutes.

The final quarter began, a repetition of what had gone on before, with both teams worn out but fighting desperately to secure the winning score. Minutes passed with the ball still in midfield. Sandy was desperate and was in every play, fighting like a madman. By an almost superhuman effort he tore through center six yards, but lost this on the next play. A plunge off tackle and a fake criss-cross failed. With tears in his eyes he struggled on, but to no avail. He simply could not penetrate the State line. Notre Dame kicked, and State

returned the ball to the thirty-five yard line.

Then it happened. The ball was snapped back, a quick shift was executed, and two State backs swept out swiftly to the left, one carrying the ball and the other a little outside, running free and fast. A Notre Dame end dove at the man with the ball, as Sandy and the fullback closed in. Just as the end plunged into him, the runner tossed the ball sharply toward the player on the outside in the hazardous but always formidable lateral pass. The impact, however, sent the pass just out of reach of the receiver's straining fingers, and the ball rolled unevenly back toward the goal and stopped. There were three players about equally close to the ball, the State back who had failed to catch it, Sandy, and the other N. D. man who, had swept in with the end. Between Sandy and this man lay the real issue of the game, for in that cross-section of a second it had to be determined which one should strike for the ball and score the touchdown, and which should "take" the only opposing player who could prevent the winning score—for the ball as it lay there was the game.

For Sandy it was the crucial moment of his career. To scoop up the ball, tear through the few opponents who could interfere, and cross the goal with the winning touchdown meant to be once more acclaimed the greatest half of the day; it meant the securing of the place of honor as All-American halfback; in a word, it meant fame. Even if he failed, he would have the credit for having tried, and no one would ever blame him for the attempt. Or should he forget his own interests and interfere with the State man, allowing the fullback to receive the honor for winning the game. Sandy thought of all this in an instant, as men can do in a crisis. The temptation to consider himself in preference to his duty to the team was strong within him, yet uppermost in his mind was that idea of team work which spells success so often. All-American, the "miracle-man of football," a gridiron hero—Sandy was a youth and he thought of all this, yet it was his duty. He did not hesitate, but threw himself straight at the one man who could still prevent the score, as his team-mate caught up the ball and won the game.

Sandy did not get his place on the All-American in that year or in any other year, but he must have received for his sacrifice credit from the Lord of Battles.

Varsity Verse.

TO SILENCE

O thou who art of contemplation born,
 How fair, how sweet, how kind thou art to me;
 Far sweeter than the strains of minstrelsy,
 More potent than the care-free speeches born
 Of friendly hearts. Why should we ever scorn
 A lily gift? despise felicity?
 Why should thy heavenly fragrance wasted be?
 Why seek we comfort elsewhere when forlorn?
 My God, for strength I beg of Thee this day,
 That I may follow her through life's dark night.
 Courage my soul; to thee the better part
 Is given. What seekest thou on earth's broad way?
 Search rather, aided by celestial light,
 In love's secluded spot, thy cloistered heart.

—R. M. M.

A CHOICE MORSEL.

The camera-man espied a girl
 And said, "You are so sweet!
 Come, let me take your picture, please,—
 You're good enough to eat."
 "I'm good enough to eat?" said she;
 "Ah then, sir, kindly state,
 If that's the reason why you wish
 To put me on a plate?"—G. W.

HUMAN DESTINY.

(From Lamartine.)

Sounding deeps, alas I lose me further—
 This dungeon forges link to link of pain,
 And day succeeds a day, on lash falls lash again
 Caged by his nature, and boundless in surmise,
 A man's a fallen god who searches the far skies—
 Because, perchance, bestripped of ancient glory
 He keeps his vanished destiny's sacred story;
 Perchance, because, great deeps of his desire
 Foretell afar, his future grand attire,
 Half-made or fallen, man is mystery's own,
 Penned in his sensual prison, bound upon the stone
 Enslaved, his beating heart for liberty was born
 And hapless in its dreams sees happy morn.
 His wish cleaves all, but feeble is his eye
 He vows undying love, but what he loves must die.

—R. H. E.

NO TIME LIKE THE PLEASANT.

She cried when I kissed her—
 I thought she was sore,
 For how could I know
 She was crying for more.
 I feared she might think I
 Was only a bum;
 But I knew she was mine
 When she slipped me her gum.—J. MCK.

A Blind Man's Bluff.

If a person goes to Chicago seeking adventure, he needs but place a diamond ring conspicuously on his hand, wander alone after dark in the neighborhood of Haymarket Square, and he will find excitement in abundance. In the heart of this district, or, to be more exact, on the corner of Madison and Halsted, was once the thriving business of a little old shrivelled-up blind man, who, because of his prowess with the violin, had been dubbed by the neighborhood "Fiddlin' Hank." When he first placed his chair on this corner some ten years ago and began his career as a blind violinist, people were skeptical as to whether the little tin sign, "I am blind," on Hank's chest really told the truth.

"I wonder if his lamps are out," growled a porch-climber, tossing a coin into Hank's cup.

"If I ever got wind that they wasn't," said his companion, a slugger, "I'd brain him on the spot."

Hank's success was tremendous and his wealth kept growing until the day when there came into the neighborhood another blind man, who set up his stand on the corner opposite.

"Fiddlin' Hank" had always played heart-wringing love songs; his rival gave the listeners the latest jazz. Hank tried to win back his patrons by playing jazz himself, but this only made matters worse, for his jazz was nothing more than scratchy noises, which drove the audience to the entertainment across the street. Hank became desperate. Something had to be done to win back his lost patronage. His violin could not do it, and so his only recourse was to drive his rival from the neighborhood.

"What business you got here?" threatened Hank, going over to his competitor one day.

"Who are you?" replied the jazz-artist, taking his violin from beneath his chin.

"I'm 'Fiddlin' Hank,' and I've been on this corner for nigh on ten years, and it's mine and you've got to get off. Clear out—do you hear me?"

"What right have you to put me off?" retorted the jazz-king.

"What right have you got to be here?"

"Just as much as you," growled the ragtimer.

"You haint: I was here first," returned Hank hotly.

"Makes no difference; free country aint it? Huh, ain't it? And ain't I got just as much right to make an hones' living on this corner

as you? Ain't I?" flung back the poacher.

"I don't believe you're blind," shrilled Hank.

"I ain't, huh? What do you think I'd be doing with this sign on my neck, if I wasn't?"

"Well, you better be sure you're blind, 'cause these guys would kill you if they thought you wasn't. I heard 'em say so. So you'd better beat it before they get wise to you, or I'll—"

"Hey—what are you two old relics fightin' about," grinned a Red agitator, stopping.

"Oh, this guy ain't got no right here, has he? Wasn't I here first. Anyway he ought to be kicked out, 'cause he's skinnin' you boys out of your jack, 'cause he ain't blind at all like I am."

"If he ain't blind we'll lynch him. No wise egg can slip anything over on us," cried a mob of safe-crackers and house-breakers who had gathered around the quarrelling blind musicians.

"Then lynch him, boys 'cause he ain't blind, and I can prove it," cried Hank, triumphantly. "'Cause who ever saw a blind man wear red glasses?"

"Fiddlin' Hank" was buried in the potter's field.—H. E. MCKEE, '22.

"The 'Movie' vs. the Drama."

CHARLES P. MOONEY, '21.

"The 'legitimate' drama must make way for the 'movie'" is the statement forced upon the American people every time the calamity howler runs short of material. Credit for being the first to see the alleged menace in the shadow-stage must be accorded to the late William Dean Howells. Thousands, without once pausing to consider the possibility of error in that assertion, have accepted it as true and agree that the "good old drama" will soon be in the realm of the "Dodo bird." Many is the "Thespian" upon his "uppers" who uses that prophecy as an effective weapon in panhandling the price of coffee and crullers from some gullible "touchee." As an excuse for his unemployment he pleads that his utility in art has ceased with the advance of the picture-play and the concomitant degeneration of the theatre-going public's taste. However, both Mr. Howells and the seedy actor are wrong. The drama has not been superseded by the "movie," and never will be, so long as printing flourishes as an art and the Americans are a reading folk.

The screen does not even threaten to suspend the spoken play. The actor has no right whatever to ascribe his failure to the development of the photoplay. If questioned long enough, he will probably admit that his departure from the classic stage was occasioned by such evils as the "hole-in-the-wall," across the alley from the stage-door whither he was wont to make frequent visits between acts.

A comparison of the two mediums of expression would not be out of place here. Brander Matthews says, "The drama is literature that makes a double appeal: it appeals to the senses as well as to the intellect,—and the stage half the time is only a picture frame." It is this power that gives the spoken drama an advantage over the pantomimic; the latter can appeal only to the senses. Its sole means of representation is action which is only the skeleton of the play.

"The movie can picturize better than the drama" is about the whole basis of the argument of those who are pessimistically inclined regarding the future of the drama. But even this idea needs qualification: the screen can picture only one thing better than the spoken play, and that is action. Such events as the mob demanding the prisoner, "Queen Bess" coming down the home-stretch at a 2:05 gait, and the cavalry charge, can be shown most realistically by the camera, whereas on the stage we must depend upon the actors to tell us how such incidents as these occurred. Here the utility of the photoplay ceases. To startle the onlookers by some sensational spectacle is its *raison d'être*. Deprive the scenario of its action and there remain but several thousand feet of celluloid.

When character portrayal is essential the moving picture director is at a loss, since it is entirely beyond the scope of photoplay powers. This side of acting requires more than pantomime. In the main it depends upon the medium of speech for its appeal to the intellect. It is by dialogue and soliloquy that the audience is afforded the opportunity to peer into the recesses of the human soul. Without these means the pictures can offer the spectators no more than an examination of the shell.

The motion picture star is handicapped by the loss of the actor's greatest resource, the human voice. To be sure, printed bits of conversation can be flashed before the spectators, but these are only empty words; which, in the

main, distract rather than assist in following the thread of the *pièce*. The words must appear either before or after the time the actor is supposed to speak them and consequently they lose their force. It is incumbent upon the reader of the conversation to supply the sentence with the necessary feeling that should accompany it. Instead of doing this he reads it to himself, or aloud to the chagrin of his fellow spectators, in the same matter-of-fact way he would glance over the market-reports of his morning paper. How can we know that there is a conflict of good and evil raging in the hero's breast? How are we brought into contact with his inner self? Or how can we ascertain what motives have aroused in him the desire to act? We accomplish these things only by his speech and by the pathos injected therein, which are the open sesames to his soul.

What must follow in the event that the moving picture producers run out of original plots? In that event the decline and death of the shadow stage is inevitable. The picture play is nothing but a story, devoid of soul. It is merely the "frame in which the picture is suspended." In the silent play originality of plot is indispensable, whereas in the legitimate play defects in the situation may be condoned provided that the lesson from life is properly conveyed to the audience. Yet, the "movie" could draw only a small crowd if it did no more than present a picture from life. And it will endure only so long as it can be novel in its plots. But the drama will have an audience, as long as it can reveal human nature, for it still can appeal to the intellect. On the other hand the producers must throw up the "histrionic sponge" once they find themselves bereft of the ability to reach the senses. That this time is imminent is not to be doubted; it is obvious to anyone who has seen a half-dozen of the latest efforts of the captains of the motion picture industry. About the only way they differ from the other spectacular features is that the mobs are larger, or the bluff that the heroine jumps over is more jagged.

However, we cannot deny that the new institution has killed off the crudely sensational drama. The "movie" is little more than the old "blood-and-thunder" play, divested of the rough edges and more fully developed. Properly speaking the melodrama was not a drama. It consisted of a few incidents connected together by a few words. To form a bridge over

the gap between scenes was the sole function of the speech therein. It was not employed to develop character, since that counts for naught in the melodrama. Its task was to startle the customers. Because of these features, long before the silent drama had attained any recognition, the melodrama was beginning to bore the public. It had to go; that was final. Therefore it might be concluded that since the "movie" hastened the melodrama's finish, its influence has not hurt the drama but has helped it.

The thought that tragedy and comedy are far beyond the reach of the film is reassuring. In these two classes of drama, the situation must always be subservient to the exposition of character. The action therein is only the rough framework. In the "movie" the converse of the proposition is true. It can do very little with the comedy, that is, comedy above the vulgar "custard-pie" variety, or with the tragedy, which is something more than the butchering of the principals. It is only with such tragedies as *Macbeth* and *Hamlet* that the producer can have the least semblance of success.

In summing up, it follows that the drama has no reasonable grounds for fearing that its position is to be usurped by the "movie." Their paths do not run parallel by any means. Besides, as the new method of representation has been with us barely a score of years, who can say that it is more than a passing fad, which will be discarded ere the end of another decade. By way of prognostication, permit us to assert that twenty centuries hence, the literary drama will still be extant and flourishing.

"Hunk" Anderson.

Hunk Anderson, my friend, Hunk,
When the tales of games are told,
They'll tell about your fighting work
For the fighting Blue and Gold.
And the things that they'll remember
To treasure to the end,
Are your gameness, fight, and care-free smile,
Hunk Anderson, my friend.

Hunk Anderson, my friend, Hunk,
We've played the line thegither,
And mony a doughty game, Hunk,
We've fought next ane anither:
Now I maun quit the fray, Hunk,
But you may yet contend—
God's blessing on your year to come,
Hunk Anderson, my friend.—R. E. M.

Our Immigration Problem.

Perhaps our greatest American problem of the day is immigration. The United States Congress seems to think it such and has been discussing the matter considerably. The matter is certainly of very grave importance. In the Japanese trouble it may mean war—if not external war, at least, internal conflict and dangerous amalgamation.

During the last five months for which figures are available, 472,859 people have come here from other countries. For these months the figures are: July 83,959; August 86,500; September 98,400; October 101,000; November 102,000.

It will be seen that there has been a steady monthly increase in the number of immigrants to our shores since the end of the war period, during which immigration necessarily fell to a very low figure. July had 83,959, and November 102,000. If these 475,000 new residents are to live here, a place must be found for them, a place to live and a place to work. At present homes are very scarce, at least 2,000,000 homes being needed to shelter those already here. Anyone who has a family realizes well the situation in this respect that arose in consequence of the cessation in the building of homes during the war, and the consequent rise in rents and costs of homes because of the increased demand and the decreased supply. Today at least 3,000,000 men are without work. Factories all over the country have been forced to discharge large numbers of employees. The Ford Company discharged thousands a few days ago; the Studebaker Company, the Franklin, and numerous others have discharged many. Anyone who is often in the business section of any city is certain to meet men every day who tell of lack of employment and ask money for a bit of food that they may have enough before they go on to another city to seek work.

Thus it seems that there is no room at present for immigrants. And are most of those who come desirable at all at any time? It is indisputably true that very many of those who leave their native country are the malcontents, the trouble-makers, the diseased, the wreckage of that country. America has long been the dumping ground for all manner of men. Those wanted by the police, those dissatisfied with government, those unable to save, have fled their home country to come here, and they have

formed a truly undesirable addition to America's population.

A number of laws embodying various methods have been proposed to remedy the situation. The solution of the problem will temporarily solve the Japanese immigration problem. Perhaps the best plan would be to exclude all immigrants for a few years, excepting parents, children, brothers, and sisters of foreign-born residents of the United States. Then a careful limitation law would afterwards be in order, a law admitting only such as can show good health records, who have not been guilty of any serious offense against the laws of their country and who have at least a measure of education. Such other qualifications as may be expedient could be worked out by a special commission. Only in some such way as this can immigration to this country ever be an advantage to the country.

—H. W. FLANNERY, '23.

Thoughts.

BY JUNIORS.

A man means as he performs.

The joke is often the joker himself.

Character is the product of heart-power.

Rumor—thou intangible, unaccountable one!

Labor strikes soon degenerate into hunger strikes.

The hunter of happiness never overtakes his quarry this side of the grave.

Conjunctions are small words much used by those who say little.

It is not merely what you know in these days but whom you know.

There is no greater charity than that bestowed upon the uncharitable.

Just a place to park a few observations—is the object of this column.

Some persons can never enjoy themselves except at another's expense.

The profiteers who sail in high-price balloons usually have legal parachutes.

If only some of our talkative friends would "dry up" instead of the lake.

Boastful words are a source of humiliation when the time comes for action.

The straight and narrow path can be broadened by industry and righteousness.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE-QUASI-SEMPER-VICTURUS-VIVE-QUASI-CRAS-MORITURUS

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"If Catholics had half the spunk of the Jews, 'Youth' would have been egged out of existence on its opening night." This is from

Catholics and the Theater. Patterson James, dramatic critic of the *Billboard*, America's foremost theatrical tradepaper. It is not

known whether Mr. James is a Catholic. It is certain, however, that he always comes to the defense of the Catholic religion, and that he speaks with authority, for he is a noted playwright and novelist, writing under a different name from that which he assumes when writing his *critique*. The play in question characterizes two priests as most despicable and shameless persons.

Last year, in one of our states, the Jews put forth every effort to banish "The Merchant of Venice" from the literary courses in certain schools, claiming that in the personage of Shylock, they, as a race, were misrepresented. The Jews succeeded and the "Merchant of Venice" went out of existence in so far as the schools in question were concerned. In another section of the country the Scotch strove to put "Macbeth" out of the English curriculum, claiming, in this case, that they were misrepresented.

What have Catholics done to fight against misrepresentation? This play, of which Patterson James speaks, keeps the stage, giving abundance of material for anti-Catholic thought and

literature. Again the Knights of Columbus are made the butt of a nightly insult in George White's "Scandals," but nothing has been said or done about it. The producers and comedians still seem "to get away with it," why should they worry if they offend people who do not mind?

Where are the Chicago Knights of Columbus, and where is the Catholic Theatre Guild of New York? Are these organizations afraid to stand up in defense of themselves and their religion? Patterson James isn't, and he has everything to lose by his action, while the Knights and the Theater Guild have nothing whatsoever to lose and everything to gain.

—J. M. P.

Re-echoes of the election in Michigan carry with them no infallible assurance for the enemies of the anti-parochial school Amendment. While

it is true that the state
A Plea for Vigilance. as a unit decisively rejected the amend-

ment, as evidenced by the results, falls far short of the mildest expectations of Catholics. Never before have the enemies of Catholicity been counted in such clear-cut fashion. Marion County in which Lansing, with a population of 57,000, is situated, returned a three-to-one vote in favor of the amendment. The county of which the city of Flint is a part was lost to the amendment by the scant plurality of a thousand votes. Detroit voters to the number of 95,000 favored adoption as opposed to the 128,000 who registered disapproval of the un-American amendment. Catholics cannot view these results with complacency. When they are reviewed in the light of the statement of Mr. Hamilton, that the sponsors of the amendment are wholly pleased with the outcome of the election, these facts acquire double significance. Of especial importance is the avowed intention of our enemies to prosecute even more vigorous campaigns in the oncoming elections of 1922 and 1924. The course of Catholic action is too patent to require statement. To a large extent the task of aligning voters against the proposal can be performed by the simple expedient of placing enlightening literature in their hands. By this same device every Catholic family in the state can be made into an agency of information, capable of exerting determining influence on non-Catholics who are either indifferent or hostile to our cause. A deter-

mined and studied effort should be made to secure the cooperation of the Protestant ministry, for our cause is fundamentally theirs. If bigotry is to be driven from the confines of Michigan and free institutions are to be eternally vindicated, this sort of concerted action must be taken.—J. H.

A good many inquiries have come to the office of the SCHOLASTIC concerning December issues which subscribers failed to receive. In

almost every instance these **Those Missing** issues immediately preceded the football number; that **Numbers.** being a triple number the SCHOLASTIC did not appear during the two foregoing weeks. We ask our readers to watch the Serial Number. By so doing it will be easy to see whether an issue has failed to arrive. If it has not come, send us the missing serial number and we shall be glad to mail a copy at once.—THE EDITOR.

Book Reviews.

"The Poets of the Future," being the fourth of the anthologies of college verse published under the editorial direction of Dr. Henry T. Schnittkind, is fully as attractive as its predecessors. College students ought to be interested in beauty, and perhaps this book, showing what undergraduates have been thinking and trying to say, will help to prove that poetry is not of the skies, distant and quite unearthly, but of the here and now in which all of us move. Of course this is not a volume of masterpieces, but of imitations, gaucheries and painful efforts; the influence of the modern school has probably influenced the editors more than it has college verse throughout the country. Notre Dame is well represented by three poems from last year's SCHOLASTIC: "A Steel Heater," by J. Frank Wallace; "The Land Round the Bend in the Road," by Andrew J. Moynihan; and "The Crowded Heart," by F. J. Vurpillat. The Stratford Company, publishers, Boston, Mass. Price, \$2.25.

It is only occasionally in these times that a book-notice is something more than a perfunctory paragraph: in our case, this is going to be one of those rare exceptions. Dr. James J. Walsh has just published "Religion and Health," wherein education is meted out with more urbanity than you can find in modern fiction. Health, the goddess Hygeia, is dear to the heart of this generation; Dr. Walsh shows that she can be courted with strong religious belief and practice, that nothing has more effect on the system than the state of mind, and that religion is the best corrective of mental disorders. This book has fascinating chapters on "Purity," "Sacrifice," and "Prayer"; there is also an illuminative array of scientific testimony to answer affirmatively the question "Can We Still

Believe?" It seems to us that Doctor Walsh has never written more entertainingly, and there is here no facile historical argument, which, in certain other instances, has led readers to grow skeptic of his thoroughness. We sincerely recommend "Religion and Health" to all who are in search of either. Little, Brown, and Company. Price, \$2.25 net.

Various, indeed, are the types of boy stories in English. Some are fit only for the boys themselves to read—others for their fathers as well—some are fit for neither. Happy the man who discovers one of the second class, for it breathes a reading joy all its own, a refreshing sort of thing not to be found in any other kind of printed matter.

"Ted" is a play recently written by Father P. J. Carroll, C. S. C., and "Ted" belongs distinctly to that precious second class. Here is something wherein a great deal of boyish optimism and a bit of a lesson are mixed with a joyous camaraderie. "Ted" was made to be devoured along with a plate of apples before some winter fireplace. If you wish a pleasant half hour, if you are searching for relief from ditch digging, pencil chasing or merely for a change from the ordinary reading matter, we can recommend nothing better than "Ted." It will prove very successful on many a school-stage.

Art Tours at Notre Dame.

With the aid of some of Notre Dame's uncertified accountants and a stub pencil, it has been determined that the exact total of visitors attending the university art museum during the period between July 1st and December 21st, of the late deceased year, is 8557, exclusive of students. Brother Florian has therefore conducted fifty people a day through the local art institute, if one could speak of anything average in connection with the venerable guide. As every connoisseur will testify after having been guided through the centuries of art in the Notre Dame museum, neither the gallery nor its respected attendant could be even imagined as average.

Brother Florian has handled visitors at the art museum since the galleries were opened about four years ago. Here is said to be one of the greatest collections of old masters in America. he asserts authoritatively. His interest in art as well as in visitors makes for the enjoyment of the patrons and the good name of Notre Dame.

In the days before the time of Lemonnier Library, the art collection was scattered throughout the various halls of the college. Many canvasses had been stored away but the method of cataloguing them had created confusion.

One painting in particular, hidden in the damp dust of the Main Building store-room, had been lying around for several years; and it showed the results of the abuse. Finally the thought came to Brother Florian, in charge of that department, to get rid of the thing, it being in the way of everybody who used the store-room. At that moment it would not have taken much persuasion to induce Brother Florian to destroy the canvas, but fortunately for the sake of art his judgment dictated caution. A few years ago when Dom Gregory Gerrer, looking over the collection, came upon the painting he discovered in it a genuine Murrillo—which on retouching turned out to be the "Nativity."

In Memoriam.

RICHARD BRYNE KINSELLA.

Word has come to the University of the death of Richard (Dick) Kinsella, student of Brownson Hall during the years 1912-14, following an operation for appendicitis. Dick was prominent in interhall athletics while at Notre Dame and both he and his brother Raymond had aspired to Varsity honors. They were together overseas where Raymond suffered shell-shock, which resulted in his death. Notre Dame extends its sincere sympathy to the parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard F. Kinsella, in this their second bereavement.

Familiar Folks.

—Wilfred Riley, who left the University last year because of ill health, says that he hopes to be back soon. Wilfred, one of the journalistic aggregation, is now showing *The Music Trades* of Boston what he can do in journalistic work.

—Announcement of the marriage of Braulio A. Muneras Valdespino, old student in the College of Mechanical Engineering, to Miss Dolores Cainas Saumell of Manzanillo, on the 30th of December, 1920, draws congratulations and best wishes from everybody on the premises.

—Often the hymeneal cherubim whisper tales of secrecy to those they have conquered. In one case that secret was kept from September 4 until the other day, when it was learned that James L. Skelley, son of Dr. W. F. Skelley, of Davenport, Iowa, and a junior in Commerce, had tripped to the altar with Miss Mildred Hipwell, daughter of Charles G. Hipwell, also of Davenport.

Father Carroll said the words at Marengo, Iowa, that gained Miss Hipwell a new name. James will return to Davenport in February to sell Buick cars to the Iowans.

—Dr. Robert F. Francis, of New Orleans, La., who studied pre-medics at Notre Dame before he went to the American University at Chicago and to Boston College, has begun medical missionary work and sailed for Han Yang, China, last month, as one of the members of the Chinese Mission Society of Omaha, Nebraska, according to a notice received from that society. Dr. Francis made a journey through Africa and China some years ago.

—Father Francis Ott, former student at Notre Dame, who is now doing parish work at St. Patrick's Church, Los Angeles, Cal., asks to be remembered to his many friends here on the campus. He observes that Notre Dame has gained considerably in popularity in the far-west since the past gridiron season.

—"Cy" Williams, at one time Notre Dame student and baseball monogram man, was the "Home Run King" of the National League for the year of 1920. He was one of the two men from the City of Brotherly Love who attained a batting average of over .300.

—Mr. and Mrs. John F. Cotter, 1839 Wilbur St., South Bend, announce the engagement of Miss Charlotte Miller to Menefee Clements of Owensboro, Kentucky, who was a graduate in the short course in Engineering last June. Mr. Clements is now employed as assistant-engineer by the Milwaukee Electric Railway & Light Co., of Milwaukee. The wedding will take place in the spring.

—Mr. James P. Dower, Ph. B., '20, of Rochester, N. Y., and Miss Betsy Ross of South Bend were married in the chapel of Walsh Hall last Monday morning. The quiet, simple ceremony, which was performed by Father John F. O'Hara, was attended by the family of the bride and a few intimate friends of the groom. After a short visit in Rochester, the young couple will sail to Peru, South America, where Mr. Dower will take up educational work for the Peruvian government. The SCHOLASTIC extends the congratulations and best wishes of "Jim's" many friends here at Notre Dame.

—At the annual banquet of the Notre Dame club of Rochester, Gerald J. Ashe '22, was elected second vice-president of the society, which position makes him Chairman of the Club at

Notre Dame. There were about forty men present at the dinner and among the several short talks was one by Edward J. Kennedy, A. B., '05. The dance which was given by the Club at the Genundewah Country Club was attended by more than sixty couples. Music was furnished by Notre Dame men under the direction of Francis J. Connelly, and the dance committee was composed of James Welch, George Fischer and Joseph Tierney.

—Thomas V. Craven, LL. B. '14, has been recently appointed first assistant-District Attorney of his native city, New Orleans, La. Tom has made rapid progress in his chosen profession since he left Notre Dame. He served as Notary Public, was elected State Senator, was sent as delegate to the Constitutional Convention, and in all of his assigned duties so conducted himself as to be, candidate for higher honors. A letter from Governor John M. Parker accepting Tom's resignation as State Senator to take up his new office had nothing but praise for the work of this son of Notre Dame.

—The Hon. Felix Baca, district judge in the State of New Mexico, in a reminiscent letter to Rev. Dr. Burns, of whom the Judge was a classmate in the eighties writes: "Professor C. A. Haggerty ('88) has told me that you have been elected president of the dear old University of Notre Dame, and I rejoice in the knowledge that one of my chums and classmates back in the eighties has risen to so exalted a position. I am afraid you may not remember me, although I remember you well. Father Walsh was living when we were students there together, and so was Father Sorin, Father Granger, and Father Corby. Those were the days too of Fathers Morrissey, Regan, Hudson, Cooney, Spillard, Scheier, Thillman, and Father Timothy Maher; of Brothers Hilarian, Paul, Emmanuel, Alexander, and Celestine; of Professors Florian, Devoto, McCormick, Stace, Edwards, Gregori, Fearnley, Hoynes, and McCue; of noted athletes and students, like Ancheta, Dexter, Bertie Gaoebel, "Mollie" Larkin, Conway, Guthrie, Oxnard, and "Dutch" Fehr. It is a long, long time since those days, but there are things in life to which the passing of the years but lends enchanting romance—even to the fancies and follies of youth. My best wishes to you and to any of those good and holy men I knew a score and fifteen years ago who may still be in the flesh—may God bless them all."

Ourselves.

—Forty-five thousand, seven hundred and ninety-one Communions were received by students of the University from September 13 to December 21 of the past year. This amounted to a daily average of 458.

The record days during the months of November and December were: All Saints' Day, 834; The First Friday of November, 707; the First Friday of December, 821; and December 15, the day following the death of George Gipp, 679. The general average was lowered considerably by the absence of the students from the University for the Northwestern game (288), and the two-days vacation at Thanksgiving (262 and 204). That the devotion is increasing is shown by the fact that a comparison of this year's figures with those for the corresponding period of last year reveals a growth of twenty per cent in the number of Communions.

—A successful football season has made everybody happy, especially "Rock." The office of the field-marshal on the second floor of the Main Building is being remodeled. Patent safety valves are among the fixtures to be installed and will operate when the miracle man begins to speak parables of wrath. Hobnails will be strictly prohibited from the date the remodeling is a reality.

—The Palette club was "Domed" at the Bagby Studio in South Bend, Wednesday afternoon, the Writers' club the same afternoon and the Glee club on Thursday morning, with trick suits and everything. The business of picturing Notre Dame for the school annual is very nearly completed and speaks well for the initiative of the Dome editors.

—Brother Hugh and the gentlemen of Rockefeller Hall have offered two valuable prizes now on exhibition at the gym for the winners and extreme losers in the interhall relays to be run between halves of the varsity basketball games. To the winners is offered a big brown jug—to the "Boobies" a little brown jug. Step up men.

—Intense interest in the Irish situation and the coming exams was temporarily forgotten at the meeting of the St. Thomas Philosophical Society in the Library, Tuesday, when Mr. Karl Arndt read a paper on "Vitalism." The treatment of one of the most alluring phases of modern philosophy left a noticeable impres-

sion on his hearers. His dexterous and original arguments were convincing as well as inspiring.

—When Professor Joseph Rafter leaves the University at the end of this semester, the Filipino Club in the person of Pio Montenegro will present him with a Notre Dame emblem, as a token of regard for their honorary member. There will be a meeting of the new organization on Monday for the raising of funds.

—The leading man of the musical comedy, "Fads and Fancies of 1921," booked for the Oliver Theatre within the coming month, will be a Notre Dame man, Alphonse de Paredes, student in the school of music. Prof. O'Connell first discovered the ability of Paredes, whose voice has been developed with remarkable success. The tenor is a native of Callao, Peru, this being his second year on the campus.

—The Library has received the following valuable gifts during the Christmas vacation: a facsimile quarto edition of Dante's Divine Comedy, prepared by Lord Vernon; also, La Quaestio de Aqua et Terra di Dante Alighieri. These are the gift of Judge Victor J. Dowling of New York. Father Shannon of Chicago has added to our valuable collection of bibles, the Rheims version of 1617. Both the Douai and the Rheims Bibles could not be published in England during Queen Elizabeth's reign. This edition published by Fulke was, therefore, the first Catholic version in England, the Protestant version occupying one column, and the Catholic the other. In the November 20th, 1920, issue of the London *Tablet*, a full page is given by Shane Leslie to the critical study of this version. He says,—“There is indubitable textual evidence to show that the Protestant Divines who prepared the authorized version dedicated to King James used this version very freely.” This volume is now on exhibit in the Library.

—Dan Duffy, chairman of the committee on Chinese relief selected by the University Chamber of Commerce, announces that admission to the benefit vaudeville, to be held in Washington Hall on Monday night cannot be paid for in Chinese money. For two-bits Americanese, however, he promises to ring up the curtain on six acts of excellence that would not be ignored by the Shuberts were they present. Among the entries that guarantee real entertainment is a Chinese dance which makes up part of the repertoire of Gottry and Fischer on the Orpheum circuit. Not least on the

program is the voice of Alfredo de Paredes, who is playing at the Oliver in the musical revue, "Fads and Fancies." Charley Butterworth and Harold Dumke will double up for the purpose of creating a riot. Walter O'Keefe, whose sense of the inane is known to have intoxicated certain individuals, will also occupy a place on the bill of fare. It is expected that the University orchestra and the Glee Club will appear. Dan Duffy, Michael Schwartz, Cyril Toomey, and James Eagan are the committee responsible for the affair.

—This issue of the SCHOLASTIC is necessarily below standards. Harry Flannery, author, orator, editor, and cartoonist is laid up in the infirmary with growing pains in the throat. While confined there he is canvassing the sick-bay taking subscriptions to the "Corona" to defray expenses.

—The first meeting of the Notre Dame branch of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers was held on Dec. 6, 1920. Professor Caparo, head of the department of Electrical Engineering, presided. The election of officers followed: President, F. Miles; Vice-President, J. Fitzgerald; Secretary, W. Shilts; Treasurer, J. Huether. It was decided to hold meetings on the first and the third Mondays of each month. At the second meeting, Dec. 17, 1920, Arthur B. Butine was appointed publicity manager. Mr. Ruzek, Brother Frederick, and Mr. Swift were made honorary members. At the third meeting, held Jan. 17, 1921, two papers were read. The "Life of Maxwell" was ably discussed by R. A. Black, and the "Life of Faraday" by W. L. Shilts. An entertainment committee was appointed to take charge of refreshments to be served at the meetings. C. deTarnava was appointed chairman of this committee, with Butterfield and Brown as his assistants. A trip is to be taken by the Electrical Engineers on Jan. 21st to the Hydro-Electric Power Plant of the Indiana & Michigan Electric Co., at Elkhart, Indiana.

—King Coal had his inning beginning Thursday night when five of the University's orators clashed in the first of the semi-finals of the competition for the varsity debating team. On the affirmative Sweeney, Nagle, and Lennon stumped the rostrum, opposed by Engels and Brady pleading the negative. On Friday night came the second joust, between Clark, Branigan and McIntyre for the affirmative, and

Hogan, Sullivan and Duffy for the other side. The third series will take place Saturday when Rhomberg, Richards, and Tschudi will defy Ward, Switalski, and Molz. The final semi-final occurs Sunday night. Gallagher, Breen, and Galvin will talk against Hall, Cavanaugh, and De Grace. In each group the order of speaking will be determined by lot just before the debate. The public is invited to be present; no admission or wardrobe charges will be assessed.

What's What in Athletics.

BASKETBALL: PRE-SEASON GAMES.

Halas' basketballers dropped the first game of the training trip to the Detroit Rayls, one of the most formidable court outfits in the middle West, 19 to 12. The Gold and Blue quintet held its opponents evenly during the second frame after having given them a substantial lead in the first. Had the Varsity been more successful in short shots to the ring the result would have been practically reversed. Mehre was the bright hooping light for Notre Dame.

St. John's University wrenched a victory from the Varsity after a particularly bitter fracas at Toledo. The final shot found the Gold and Blue crowding the Ohio squad to the limit. Smith, Kiley and Anderson held Pittinger, St. John's wonder forward, to a lone goal from the field. Failure to find the ring during the major part of the first half was more than recompensed for by the dashing brand of court calisthenics staged by the Varsity during the last period. Mehre and Grant shone brilliantly on offensive. Score: Notre Dame 12; St. John's University, 19.

The Gold and Blue won its first victory in a close, scrappy, tilt with Mt. Union College, 27 to 25, the game being played on the latter's court. The Ohioans were well in the lead during the first half but were absolutely helpless and the hands of Captain Mehre and his Court Kings in the second. Mehre, who made his first appearance at the pivot position, led in finding the ring. Logan and Grant played a fast, aggressive game at the forward posts and Mount Union's all-state center was exceptionally well taken care of by Kiley and Anderson who prevented him from making a single goal from the floor.

The Firestone Industrial five won the fourth practice game from the Varsity at Akron, 20 to 15. The Non-Skids earned a substantial lead in the first half. As a result of close defensive playing by the Firestones, the Gold and Blue were unable to overcome the handicap. Mehre was the chief point getter for the locals. McFayden and McCormick played great basketball for the victors.

Notre Dame displayed great improvement against the American Legion five at Huntington in the final game of the training trip but lost the fracas by a 31 to 21 score. The first half ended with the Varsity close on the heels of the soldiers and confident of victory. During a period of temporary defensive weakness in the second half, however, the Huntington squad shot basket after basket bringing the count up to 29 to 11. With four minutes to go the Gold and Blue began a characteristic fighting finish and succeeded in caging five field goals before time was called. Harry Mehre played a good consistent brand of basketball for the Varsity. The big gun of the Legion's offense was Stonebraker, old Wabash court star, who shot four from the floor and seven from the foul line.

Cold weather and hockey are synonyms at many schools in warmer climes than this, and if the enthusiasm of a group of hockey fans counts for anything, they bid fair to become identical terms at Notre Dame. The rink on the campus of Badin has been flooded daily for the last few weeks as an essential preparation, but the high and mighty Sol has been very fickle with the budding puck chasers, allowing the ice to form one day and melting it the next. He seems to have ceased this tom foolery, however, and the schedule announced earlier in the season will probably be completed.

Pucks, sticks, guards and gloves in whacking quantities being present since Captain Paul Castner returned with them from Chicago Saturday evening, it is now necessary to pick the seven men who will comprise the regular squad. Candidates will be numerous, more than twenty having listed their hopes for the varsity already. Among them are such famous ice rovers as Flynn, Wilcox, Gentles, "Hunk" Anderson, "Ojay" Larson, Dave Hayes, Gormley, Voss, Feltes, McDonald, Bullard, Gaynor,

Gaffney, Gilquist, Eldridge and Joe Brandy.

Besides the regular schedule, efforts are being made to arrange games at Culver on the 22nd., and with Culver at Notre Dame on the 29th. Games may be secured also with the Michigan School of Mines at Houghton on Feb. 3d., at Calumet on the 4th., and with the University of Wisconsin.

INTERHALL RELAY SCHEDULE.

The Interhall relay schedule will play a big part in the interest in the Notre Dame basketball games at home. These relays have facinated the crowds between halves for several years, and this year bid fair to be one of the real attractions. In previous years two relays sufficed for an afternoon, but the entry of the Day Students and Carroll hall has forced the scheduling of three races for each of the eight home games to be played by the varsity. The eligibility rulings bar freshmen representing the University, varsity training table men and all the monogram men. The schedule follows:

- Jan. 18th, afternoon
 - Walsh-Carroll.
 - Corby-Badin.
 - Day Students-Sorin.
- Jan. 21st, afternoon.
 - Carroll-Badin.
 - Walsh-Corby
 - Day Students-Brownson.
- Jan. 22nd, evening.
 - Corby-Brownson.
 - Carroll-Sorin.
 - Badin-Walsh.
- Feb. 3rd, afternoon
 - Walsh-Day Students
 - Sorin-Brownson.
 - Carroll-Corby.
- Feb. 10th, afternoon.
 - Walsh-Sorin.
 - Day Students-Badin
 - Carroll-Brownson.
- Feb. 11th, afternoon.
 - Corby-Day Students.
 - Walsh-Brownson..
 - Badin-Sorin.
- Feb. 23rd, afternoon.
 - Badin-Brownson.
 - Carroll-Day Students.
 - Corby-Sorin.
- Feb. 25th, evening.
 - Championship or exhibition.

QUIBBLING SQUIBLET.

The following apology from Valparaiso is courteously accepted, because we too are anxious to preserve amicable relations with the schools around us. While this article does not make

amends for all the stupidities which the *Torch* has uttered, it has more official sanction than would appear from its signature.

TO NOTRE DAME

We are glad that we can feel a spirit of co-operation and good fellowship to be in existence between the two great universities of Valparaiso and Notre Dame. We want that bond to grow stronger in every way as time goes on.

There has been some misunderstanding of the attitude taken by the *Torch*, and by V. U. as a whole, after the great football game in which Valpo was defeated at South Bend last fall. The *Torch* has tried to maintain an attitude of fairness at all times and nothing in the stories of the game reflected in any way upon the fairness of our opponents. The statements which caused offense seem to have been made in an article signed "A Valpo Knutt." We have looked up the writer of this article and find it to be Mr. H. E. Babcock, a resident of Chicago who witnessed the game. Mr. Babcock is not a Valparaiso graduate if our records are true, although his article gives that impression.

We are sorry that anything has occurred to mar the friendship of the two universities. Mr. Babcock's article does NOT reflect the feeling of the student-body, nor do we approve of the attitude taken.

We want to play fair to Notre Dame. We realize that we should not criticize our opponents. We recognize the superiority of the Notre Dame team this year. After the game we acknowledged them as the champions of Indiana. The student body is looking forward to the game next year. The attitude of the university, the student body, the faculty and the President is one of friendly rivalry. We hope that nothing in the future may even cause unpleasant comment to ruffle the friendly co-operation of the two universities in athletics, debate, or any other intercollegiate relationship.—THE EDITOR.

COTTON-NIGHT-CAP-COUNTRY.

(From B. L. T.'s *Colyum*).

Sir: Mr. Forest Cotton, a student of my acquaintance is addicted to the oldfashioned, openfaced, cotton nightshirt. Inasmuch as college students are the barometers of the country's styles, may not this innovation on the part of a w. k. campus leader be taken as a forerunner of the return of the g.o.d. before the advent of the bedroom drama?

THE GALLANT HECTOR.

In a period not remote—in fact one might almost speak of it as yesterday—a certain prominent athlete whose physique has called from the native youth a classic reminiscence from the history of Troy and its heroes, did disport in the court of Akron's fort. The young ladies of that village having gathered in goodly array to gambol with the strains of saxophone, our athlete decided to join the rubber industry. Alas! his trousers were damaged in a place which we dare not mention, this being polite society. Nothing daunted our hero appeared in a long garb which the maidens considered a tunic, but which Harry Poulin maintains is an overcoat. Anyhow his dancing is said to have been of the best.

Safety Valve.

Compulsory vaccination at colleges and universities is another step toward disarmament.

AND SOMETIMES THE REGISTRAR WRITES.

STRANGER.—Are you a well known student at the University.

STUDENT.—I should think I am. My father and the Prefect of Discipline are weekly correspondents.

"I don't usually tote a gun," said the southern student producing the shining weapon, "but I'm looking for the person who's bothering my dear old father and mother by writing letters to them saying I missed six classes."

There are a few fellows trying out for the hall track teams who can do the half-mile in two flat (feet).

A Northwestern U. professor is of the opinion that examinations are barbarous. Are there any favorable—Here! don't all speak at once.

"No," she said turning her pale blue eyes toward the youth, "it's not that I care for money or high station or have a desire to mingle in elite social circles—I've never been used to these—but you lack that indispensable something that would make you appeal to me as a life partner. You are—"

"If I stop eating pigs' feet," the youth replied, wiping a puddle from his eye, "would you like me better. Would it help you to love me if I promised you on my bended neck that sauer kraut would never again pass my lips. Would your heart be softened if—"

"Stop!" she cried, throwing herself into his arms; "it is too much! Too much!" And she wept furiously on his shoulder.

Last week the spirits moved from Music Hall over to Badin.

"I got this medal for bravery," said the youth, pointing out a gold medal that hung upon his breast, and this one for having the highest average in my class, and this one for—"

"Pardon me," broke in the fair one, "but may I ask you in what course you graduated?"

"I received the degree of B. S. in Architecture," replied the student with a triumphant air.

"You certainly deserved it," she agreed, "but it never should have been confined to Architecture."

GHOST OF WASHINGTON HALL.

"I'm cold," said the ghost, knocking at a door in Music Hall, "can't I come in and get warm?"

"No you can't," replied the voice from within, "and if you don't get away from this door at once, I'll report you to the Disciplinary Department to-morrow. Ghosts are not supposed to be out after twelve o'clock. They are under the same rules as the Campus students."

"You're wrong there," chimed back the ghost, "the night is the only free time I have. I'm like the

athletes in this respect. If I were under campus rule what in the world advantage would I have in being a ghost? I might just as well live up over the garage with those impossible fellows."

"I tell you," repeated the voice from within, "that you can't come in here. I have the door bolted and if you dare to come through it, I have a pair of dice and I'll shoot."

"It seems unreasonable on your part," hissed the ghost, "not to let me in when you know that this corridor is freezing and that I have only my ghost clothes on. Besides I thought probably you might have the geometry problems. I have a brother ghost who has been looking for Geometry problems ever since he became a ghost. He's taking the place of a poor simp who died working on his geometry."

"I haven't the problems," returned the man inside, "I am going to copy them to-morrow from a friend of mine, and if I had them I wouldn't give them to you. You've been roaming around this hall for two weeks at the most ungodly hours and keeping us all up. Why don't you go to Corby or Sorin or somewhere else?"

"Do you think I'm going out in that snow," asked the ghost, "when the wind is blowing straight across the campus. No ghost has been given his winter clothes yet and you can't expect us to go everywhere. If I just had a pair of your heavy pajamas I would feel better but when I come to steal them you're always up. I got a pair of Buckley's but they're too big. He'll have to have an enormous ghost when he dies."

"If you don't get away from here I'll tell the president," raged the Music Haller, "and maybe he'll have the building burned or torn down and you'll be caught in the ruins."

"The president can't find me," responded the ghost. "I had his secretary running all over the campus like a dog with a can on his tail just because I whistled and pattered down the corridors. His lungs were perfect vacuums when he got back to his hall; there wasn't a breath left in him. I'll say he's one fellow I have buffaloed. I think I could make him climb a rain pipe or a lightning rod if I chased him."

At this moment one of the professors entered the hall and the ghost vanished through the keyhole of one of the music-rooms.

SHE.—I was out to the University last evening to see the burlesque show and I enjoyed every minute of it.

HE.—Why, there was nothing going on at the University last night except a track meet.

SHE (*meditatively*). Yes, I believe that's what the boys called it.

Jack and Jill moved up the hill
But couldn't make the grade,
Jack fell down and cut his crown
Upon Jill's shoulder blade.

1ST STUDENT.—I believe the new hockey rink is built just above the main that carries the steam into Badin Hall.

2ND STUDENT.—Don't worry about that. I was in Badin Hall last year and I can assure you that the steam that goes to Badin could never melt ice.